

WHY HE HATED THE BEAST.

An Extraordinary Request Which Excited the Curiosity of a Country Boarder.

"I never look at that old clock on the mantelpiece," observed my friend Mr. W. as we sat in her parlor one evening last week, "that it does not call to my mind an amusing incident connected with my trip to the northern part of this state last summer."

"I was stopping," she went on, "in a quaint little village at the only hotel in the place. Every evening upon retiring I heard voices in an adjoining room. My curiosity naturally prompted me to listen. The conversation was usually of a commonplace order, but what really attracted my attention was this strange request nightly repeated:

"Now, Jovilla, put that infernal beast out of the way and cover him up." It was a man's voice, gruff, though, I fancied, kindly. This peculiar request was invariably met with some such response as this:

"Oh, Tom, shame upon you! What would dear mother say if she knew how you treated her present?"

"The voice this time was distinctly feminine and rather shrill and complaining. Of course I was fairly consumed with curiosity. What manner of beast was this which the poor woman was thus obliged to 'put out of the way and cover up?' And why did they keep a 'beast' in their bedroom anyway?"

"In vain I pondered over this seeming mystery. In vain I fretted and guessed. Tom appeared to be so kind and even tempered too. Well, I could stand it no longer, so I finally resolved to ask him frankly for an explanation."

"Mr. Tom," I said to him one morning, "pray excuse my apparent rudeness and curiosity, but won't you tell me about that beast you keep in your room and why you wish to have it covered up every evening before you retire?"

"A gleam of mirth lighted up his countenance. 'So you've heard us a-talkin, neighbor,' he said. 'Well, it's just this a-way:'

"Jovilla, she's my wife, and she sets great store by her ma, which, between you and me, is that theraguest, I don't. So 'bout last Christmas the old woman gives us a clock. It wasn't much to look at, but it had the awfulest tick you ever heard. Loud and solemnlike it was, and it made me that nervous I couldn't get no sleep o' nights."

"Now, Jovilla," says I, "you'll have to put that tickin' beast—I always calls it a beast—out of the way or muzzle it or smother it, or I'll smash it with a hammer, I will." So Jovilla she took it and wrapped it up in her flannel petticoat."

"But may I never touch another drop of cider of the cursed thing didn't tick louder than ever. That kinder made me mad, and I told her that if I heard that tickin' ag'in I'd stop it for good."

"So, you see, neighbor, Jovilla fixes it every night before she goes to bed so's it kaint make no noise. She just puts it in the washub, throws a big fur over it, and shoves it in the closet an' shuts the door."

"An that, neighbor," observed my rural acquaintance, "is what I mean by coverin' up the beast."—New York Herald.

A Luxurious Shanty.

If the intelligent foreigner who comes to New York includes Shantytown in his round of observation, it must surprise him to see what a difference exists between the rude huts of that district and the cabins of the very poor in Great Britain and France. The latter are built to last, while the New York shanty is only expected to tide over a period of four or five years; but, rude as it is with-out, the shanty is often the superior of the European cottage in its furnishing. Well made furniture, carpets, stoves and wall paper are common to the shanty, while the peasant across the sea may have to content himself with an earthen floor and a bed built into the framework of the house. On a recent evening a reporter saw a shanty that could not have cost \$100. It had lace curtains at the windows, portieres worth about \$10, framed pictures on the walls, and was lighted by a piano lamp with a silk shade.—New York Sun.

A Popular Myth.

The time worn "million stamps" lie still survives and is likely to prove immortal. People all over the country are trying to accumulate 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps, in the belief that a standing offer is made by the government or by somebody of a big prize for such a collection. Some think that \$10,000 is the sum guaranteed, while others imagine that the reward is the endowment of a permanent bed in a hospital. The popular notion on this subject being somewhat undefined, letters asking about it are constantly received at the postoffice department. But no denials serve to destroy the widespread faith in this strange chimera.—Washington Letter.

The Crucifix of Louis XVI.

It has often been wondered what had become of the crucifix used by the Abbe Edgeworth at the execution of Louis XVI. Our Paris correspondent says it is now in the possession of the parish priest of St. Medard de Guisieres, to whom it was given by one of his flock, a Mme. d'Espilat, when she was dying. She enjoined him never to part with it because it was a sacred relic, and she expected that Louis, the martyr, would one day figure in the calendar of the church along with his ancestor, St. Louis. The crucifix, with the Christ on it, is in old carved ivory and was probably made at Dieppe.—London News.

A butcher of Manassquan, N. J., has utilized his spare time when not carving steers in carving out guitars. He has manufactured seven guitars so far, and musicians pronounce them excellent instruments.

The Yellowstone Park Earthquake.

A letter received from a party of tourists who have a winter camp in the National park gives particulars of the earthquake which were reported a week ago from Livingston, Mon.

This letter is by way of Beaver canyon, Ida., and says that for the last two weeks the subterranean noises have been distinct, and there have been nearly every-day eruptions in different parts of the park near the Giant and Guinness geysers, also near the Great Castle geyser. There have been openings in the earth through which came clouds of steam or smoke, it was hard to tell which. When these eruptions commenced, cattle and horses of the vicinity showed great uneasiness and would go wandering about with the evident idea of escape from the neighborhood.

The few people who were there were at first badly scared, but finally made up their minds that it was nothing more than an aggravated explosion from the shooting geyser. However, the openings in the earth were something entirely new and indicated that the shock experienced was of earthquake origin. Sometimes there would be rumbling sounds and jarring of the earth for fully 10 seconds before the explosion came, and the explosions were sufficiently strong to perceptibly jar the cooking utensils about the camp.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Lord Salisbury's House at the Fair.

One of the most interesting contributions from England to the Chicago exhibition is to be a reproduction of what is perhaps the finest example in this country of sixteenth century decorative wood carving. This is the famous banquet hall at Hatfield House, the Hertfordshire seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. A facsimile, exact in everything but size, has been reproduced by Messrs. Hampton & Sons of Pall Mall. The reproduction, permission to execute which was given by Lord Salisbury, is 40 feet long—the original being 60—20 feet broad and 28 high, the whole of the internal surface being constructed of beautifully carved oak, cut from the solid block and shaded to the deep, rich tint of the antique work by the process known as "fuming."

The Cecil coat of arms, which has also been cut from a solid block, and the floor, like the original, will be composed of white and black marble. Messrs. Hampton & Sons will complete the ensemble by furnishing the hall with chairs, tables and armor of the Elizabethan period, and had time allowed replicas of the tapestry at Hatfield House would have been supplied. As it is, tapestry will be used as near as possible like the original.—London Standard.

Solid With the Administration.

Apollonaris Karowaky has made a hit with the treasury department. Apollonaris was only a \$4 a day contract labor inspector at Ellis island, but he is a much bigger fellow today. When he heard that his chief, Colonel Weber, had resigned, Apollonaris decided that he would follow suit and forthwith forwarded his resignation to Washington.

Secretary Carlisle was impressed with the style and diction of Apollonaris' letter of resignation and telegraphed to Colonel Weber asking him why the inspector had resigned at this particular time and what sort of a fellow he is.

"Don't know," was Colonel Weber's answer to the first query. "Good and efficient officer," was his answer to the second.

Thereupon Secretary Carlisle returned Apollonaris' resignation, inclosing with it a polite note requesting him to remain at his station and assuring him that because of his politics he need not fear removal.—New York Advertiser.

A Game Preserve in Salt Lake.

Antelope island in the Great Salt Lake, with an area of 32,000 acres, bids fair soon to afford the finest hunting of any place in North America. Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), accompanied by some English capitalists, recently visited the island, after having searched all through the intermountain country for a suitable place to establish and stock a game park, and it is reported that Cody has offered \$100,000 for the island. J. H. White and J. E. Dooley, who own the property, refused the offer, as they also have plans for stocking the island with game. A car load of rare game was received on Tuesday, consisting of live elk, moose and black tailed deer.—Cor. Denver Republican.

Quail Easily Tamed.

Peter Landin has been in the habit of throwing out feed near his house for a flock of quail during the winter. When the late storm commenced, he put the feed under a box up against the house. The quail took shelter under the box, when Mr. Landin took them into his house, where they enjoyed the warmth to the full. One remained in the house for several days, refusing to go out and join the others till the storm was over. These quail are special pets of Mr. Landin, and was he unto the person that molests them. He pets them so they will clean the thistles from his farm.

Wanted to See the World's Fair.

The Italian Princess Vicovaro, daughter of Lorillard Spencer of New York, not long ago received a letter at her villa near Lucerne, Switzerland, saying that if \$3,000 were not deposited in a certain place by a fixed time her villa would be blown up. She handed the letter to the police, who, by pretending to comply with the demand, caught the writer—a young man—who admitted he was driven to the attempt by his intense desire to visit America and see the fair at Chicago.—Paris Letter.

An Indian brave on a visit to Washington was allowed to sit for a few moments in the speaker's chair the other day, which moved Jerry Simpson to remark that no other savage had sat there since Reed's time.—Exchange.

The Pipe Craze in the East.

Upper Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York swarm with men whose attire indicates that they are in Ollie Teale's "4,000." These perambulating fashion plates bite the amber tip of a truly English short briarwood pipe with a tenacity worthy of the prince himself. It's English to smoke a pipe in public places and also on the street, and that settles it. But it is in New Haven and Cambridge that the fever has broken out like smallpox pustules. Thin, concave chested student chappies struggle along Church and State streets, or hold up the front walls of Treagar's or Huebels', every blessed one of 'em nursing a pipe, the shorter and stumper the more the chappie thinks he's in it.

It's really comical to observe the dead boys in couples, trios and squads, pipe in mouth, trousers rolled up, with the most killing Piccadilly swagger, march along like children from a nursery school. The pipes bite their tongues, give them bronchitis, disgust everybody else, but they are in the swim, and that's enough for chappies, dear boy.—Cor. Washington Star.

An Interesting Use of Photography.

A French photographer lately invented a process by which a bit of ordinary paper—the leaf of a book, for example—can be made sensitive to the light without affecting the rest of the page. Acting on this hint, the French war minister has begun to take the portraits of conscripts and recruits on the paper which gives their height, complexion, age, etc., and the cheapness and swiftness of the operation, which is already in use in the French army, is something remarkable.

It costs only a cent to get two copies of a portrait of Jacques Bonhomme—one for his individual register and the other for his muster roll—and so rapid is the process that in a few hours a whole regiment can be so photographed. The soldiers file along one by one, and each sits for three seconds in the photographic chair, and the thing is done.—Boston Advertiser.

Leaving No Stone Unturned.

"Take it, my beard off and give me a short hair cut," said the man in the adjoining chair as he threw himself upon the mercy of the razor wielder.

"What, take off all that fine beard?" inquired the barber in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the customer. "I have been cultivating this beard for over 20 years, and I hate to part with it. It must go, as I am after a job in the interior department, and I got a straight tip from a Georgia friend that Hoke Smith is partial to men who do not wear any hair on their faces. Take it all off," he added as he leaned back in the chair and indulged in mental speculation over his prospects for obtaining employment in Uncle Sam's vineyard.—Washington Post.

Shingles by the Carload.

The northwest is sending immense quantities of shingles to the east just now. Fifteen to 20 carloads a day was the average freighting of this commodity passing through Seattle in the first half of the month, and one day a solid train of 80 carloads of shingles left that point for the east.

John W. Bookwalter, the Ohio millionaire, said the other day, "I cannot tell you how much money I have spent trying to build a machine which will fly, but I think that I have a model under way now that will solve the problem."

It is said that a large hotel for the accommodation of colored people is to be built in Slater, Mo., by colored capitalists.

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 15 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla, has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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Cotton Challies in good desirable styles at 4c a yard.
27-inch Columbian Crinkly Effect Cotton Dress Goods, was 15c, now reduced to 9c.
Fine Printed Satens, 15c quality for 10c a yard.
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